

# SCENES FROM COURT FIGHT

Two Trained Observers Who Were Inside Battle Lines When Action Developed Tell Political Story—Experiences of a Newspaper Woman—Helen Keller Diary.

By Mary-Carter Roberts.  
THE 168 DAYS. By Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co.

HAVING read this book, the reviewer is of the opinion that short of the realm of fable and satire, there are few more delightfully revealing accounts of the true nature of politics. It is the story of the fight over the President's late plan to enlarge the Supreme Court, told with magnificent detachment and picturesque detail and it has not only the intrinsic claim to attention which the importance of that fight gives it; it is immensely entertaining too. The authors—two Washington correspondents—have not attempted to give irony to their devastating story, to be sure. They have simply set the story down and let it speak for itself. But—how it speaks! It should be made required reading for all youths and maidens who dream wide-eyed of statesmanship as a career, and for all patriots who think to serve their country by the use of idealism. What funny stuff it is, to be sure!

The authors, with commendable fairness, first set the scene by describing what they conceive to be the need of the country for social legislation, and point out that the action of the Supreme Court in repelling the N. R. A., the A. A. A. and so on, have those interested in social legislation some real reason to expect that the Justices would continue to be hostile to measures of a similar nature. Thus there is included a justification for the court-packing bill—or such justification as could be found.

The scene then moves to the White House during the days of the bill's preparation. Just what the sources of the authors' information are, the book does not state, but clearly they have been both intimate and abundant. The picture of the President's personal interest in the bill, his close attention to it, his changing moods as regarded the strategy of its introduction—these aspects of the subject are treated in almost a day-by-day fashion. As the writers present them they show the bill to have been a revenge measure, pure and simple. If we are to believe this book, the President lavished eager and tirelessly close thought on this measure because he saw it as a means for weakening the personal vengeance on the legislative body which had dared to thwart his favored plans. In this spirit the whole bill was written, for say the authors, the bright young men who surround him and who did the actual writing, were too sympathetic by far to tell the Executive these obvious consequences, which a less personal view of the legislation disclosed.

THE White House indeed shows as a sort of ivory tower during this period, a tower in which a successful lobbyist might have planned and schemed so to alter the traditional structure of our Government as to make it henceforth memorable of himself rather than of the founders, utterly forgetful of the fact that he had been elected by people to represent them and interpreting his place there as indicative that the people would support him no matter what he did. The authors relate indeed that Mr. Roosevelt at this time often repeated the words: "The people are with me. I know it." He made this statement, say the authors, "over and over again, to his advisers, his lieutenants, his wavering supporters, any one who would listen." He was quite forgetful, apparently, that the picture on which the people had elected him contained no word about a court-packing plan. Moreover, says the book, the court had actually been his friend up to that time, for, by repelling the N. R. A., it had saved his first administration from a major disaster. But as these writers see it, Mr. Roosevelt was quite cut off from reality by this time through the reaction of his own nature to his success. He believed that the people must hold him infallible. Quite possibly he thought that he was so himself.

The picture of the Executive mind at work in the days of the preparation of the court bill is of a man who is reassuring one as these authors present it. Nor can the surroundings in which that mind is set seem particularly wholesome, if one views them from a standpoint of democratic tradition, for, if we are to believe the writers of this book, the President repudiates no adviser, that is not tempered strongly with regard to his submission. By this means, they tell us, he cut himself off from the counsel of the practical leaders of his party, who might have warned him of the certain popular rejection of his measure. Such men—notably Senator Robinson—were snubbed and ignored, as lacking the social vision, as being mere politicians, and so alone, save for the agreeing chorus of his bright young appointees, and actuated by hatred and revenge, the Executive of the United States set about to destroy the country's highest tribunal. No, there is nothing particularly comforting in this picture.

This unlovely scene gives off, however, to the heartiest sort of comedy, and that very shortly. For when the authors begin to describe the man-huntings of the two parties in Congress—the supporters and opposers of the bill—they have much more entertaining material to deal with. The record there simply bristles with absurdity.

ONE particularly diverting incident relates to the preparation of amendments by the opposition, these amendments to be used for the purposes of filibuster. A "flying squadron" of the Bar Association, says the book, met at the Mayflower to prepare the proposals. The squad was composed of very young lawyers who were naively anxious to show their ability; they supposed "that an amendment should be a clearly worded, strictly constitutional and wholly serious alteration of the legislation." They had about a day and half to prepare the amendments. The squad was composed of very young lawyers who were naively anxious to show their ability; they supposed "that an amendment should be a clearly worded, strictly constitutional and wholly serious alteration of the legislation." They had about a day and half to prepare the amendments. The squad was composed of very young lawyers who were naively anxious to show their ability; they supposed "that an amendment should be a clearly worded, strictly constitutional and wholly serious alteration of the legislation." They had about a day and half to prepare the amendments.



IRENE KUHN. Who is known as a fine newspaper "man." Her biography, "Assigned to Adventure," has just been published. (Lippincott.)

Under the popping eyes of his visitors he rattled off nearly 50 amendments in less than 2 hours. The young lawyers soon got the idea. They rushed off and set to work with such results that they were able to bring 125 amendments to the Capitol the next morning. The story is typical of much of the ridiculous and undignified conduct which went into the fight on the court measure.

THE narrative strikes a dramatic vein, however, when it reaches the battle which Senator Robinson finally put up to save his leader's ill-advised legislation. The Senator had been treated with the utmost shabbiness by the man whom he so loyally supported, say the authors, remarking that "to-ward Robinson the President and his advisers behaved as if they were a newly rich family, ashamed to allow a shabby poor relation to dine with them in public." But when the full force of the public indignation at the court bill finally penetrated the President's armor of complacency it was to Robinson that he had to turn for practical assistance. The picture of the ill man, fighting bravely for a bill which he had no confidence, which indeed he personally loathed, hastening his death by his efforts in the curious endeavor, is a classic. And a nice high light on that picture lies in the circumstance that, while the Senator labored like a very Hercules, the bright young men of the White House, relieved of responsibility, visited constant threats on him that if he failed to put over the measure which they had so airily brought forth he would be deprived of his promised Supreme Court appointment. Sweet, indeed, are the uses of politics!

Senator Robinson comes nearer being a hero than any other character in the record. When he had died—and the authors claim directly that he hastened his death by his labors for the bill that hot summer—the action passed to the practical hands of Vice President Garner, whose only concern was to save the Democratic party from complete disruption. He promptly conceded defeat and told Senator Wheeler to "take his own ticket." And the court-packing plan became history, certainly not a bright chapter in the national annals.

THE story, as written here, could hardly be improved. The authors have set down an immense amount of information, and it is the only one of the record sort, such matter as could not be gathered from any formal reporting. There should be more of these behind-the-scenes accounts, provided they are done with the same detachment and absence of deliberate sensationalism.

ASSIGNED TO ADVENTURE. By Irene Kuhn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE author of this book is a newspaper woman who has gotten around. She has traveled over most of the world and has been in at a great many big moments. Now she writes her autobiography. She is in excellent tradition in doing it, for almost every male reporter of any repute has in recent months published his life story. There is absolutely no reason why the women should not write their records too. But if in doing so they follow the method used by Mrs. Kuhn it is to be hoped that they decide in favor of reticence. For, though she has a good story to tell, and that she is a practiced writer, in writing her autobiography she commits an error which seems almost inescapable by women when they attempt to put themselves on paper. That is, she tries to write with charm. The tries to write, in short, as cutely as she would talk, forgetting apparently that nobody in the world will ever have to listen to 400 pages of her conversation, and that a little while can become desperately monotonous when carried to lengths, and—worse—screamingly obvious. It is too bad. The reviewer is so much a believer in women as equals of men that she has resolutely refused all her life, to join any feminist organization, holding such endeavors as beneath her dignity as a human being. But, by that very token, she maintains that a working woman should do her work impersonally. Mrs. Kuhn has not done so. She is simply cutler than a bag of tricks. She is a little Irish gal, and she tells us so, right off on her second page. More, she puts it so that she gathers that she is a swate colleen, and the warmth of Erin in her eyes and a laugh, trustin', lovin' heart and a timper loike a thundershower at noon. In other words, she lays it out. The reviewer felt a sort of ground swell sensation right there and thought, "Why will they do it?" But the whole of Mrs. Kuhn's adventures seems to be in this—that she did it. She got around, as said, and everywhere she went they thought she was cute. So, she must have been cute. Well, this is the cute tale of her cuteness.

She worked on the New York World-Telegram, she worked on the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, she went out to China and Japan and elsewhere, and she worked on papers there. She saw all the big sights, such as post-war Europe in its economic madness and its artistic decadism, and the attack on Shanghai and the tidal wave at Hilo. What she saw she turned into copy, and now she retells it here. Her mind, one would judge, is shrewd to an extraordinary degree.

Well, there is no use prolonging it. Her book is the story of adventure, as its title indicates; but it is told in rubber-stamp terms. Nobody reading it can doubt that its author was a good scout. She is probably a good writer, too, for column lengths. Even so, the reviewer expects her book to sell well. It will find a large section of the public which will find it refreshing and delightful.

THESE FOREIGNERS. By William Seabrook. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co.

MR. WILLIAM SEABROOK, having diverted the reading public with his unembarrassed account of life as an inmate of a lunatic asylum, now writes for us a story of life on the outside. It is the story of the foreign settlements which lie within our national borders, the story of the Scandinavians of the Northwest; the various Italian populations, from New York City and New England to the California wine country; the Germans of Pennsylvania and the Middle West; the Poles of the Lake cities and the various farming districts; and of assorted levels of Russians, from peasant farmers to royal exiles. It is a good subject and Mr. Seabrook likes it. But somehow he seems to be forcing his theme a little. His book protests too much.

He takes up the manner in which the various nationalities have reacted to America, their opinions on political changes in their own homelands, their ways of treating their divided loyalty and so on, and he seems pretty thorough. But it occurs to the reviewer that when he appears any human being as a member of a classification, be it racial, national, social, religious, or any other, you have eliminated much of his humanity. You cannot truly know a man except as a man. If you look upon him as a transplanted European, for example, you are robbing him of his individuality. He is not a European, and he is not a half-breed, but he is a man, and he is about a decade and a half behind the times in his literary fashion. He remains just where he was when he first began to be heard of as a chap who wrote novels, a "daring" that nobody would print them, which novels, on being printed (for they always were), invariably turned out to be documents proclaiming with electrified surprise that human beings have sex. Prof. Fisher seemed to have found this out a trifle late in life, and it so startled him that he simply could not get over the discovery. It took him four immense and unsurpassed turgid theme novels to get his tidings on to paper, but he finally did. A reader might be justified in supposing, when that monument was at last set up in type, that the professor had finished with his thesis. But not so. He is at it again. Once more he steps before the world with his message—once more he unflinchingly asserts that men and women are male and female.

Now the discovery of sex is surely in the freshman course. It sometimes evokes outcries from the young, but they are customarily heard with little notice. One expects them. One does not expect a mature man, however, to go on repeating his freshman lore forever. And if he be a writer, he should keep somewhere near the spirit of his day—unless he happens to be a writer of such masterpieces as defy all time, and this Prof. Fisher certainly is not. He is a writer of this age, if he is anything. And now he lags behind his age, setting forth the themes which were new in the Sherwood Anderson teens and twenties. And so, lagging behind his day and lacking the genius to carry him outside its spirit, he seems in a bad way. As said, something ought to be done about him.

His present book is a novel about people who are not honest with themselves in sex matters and so come to various kinds of grief. It is badly written and tells man as a large group where he will probably get no if he doesn't watch his evolutionary P's and Q's. Prof. Hooton, with all the dispassionate cool of an ancient-bone deducer, lays out the bald cause and effect of man's present state since the time the first little tarsier skipped out of his primeval arbor and started literally to look ahead.

As is perhaps necessary, even though not precisely practical in the strict sense of "practical," there are large passages given over to bone-flinging in the book, in which the significance of this bone furrow or that flattened cupid crown is propounded with complete detail. This history must be accepted for background's sake if one cannot become enthralled over the history itself. Naturally, it has direct bearing (however scientifically indefinite) with the homo sapiens inquisitiveness now walking about on suffering tarsals. The present physical and mental condition of humanity, which, according to Prof. Hooton, is in foul shape, is the result of a long and tending, definitely subterranean, and devastating defilement.

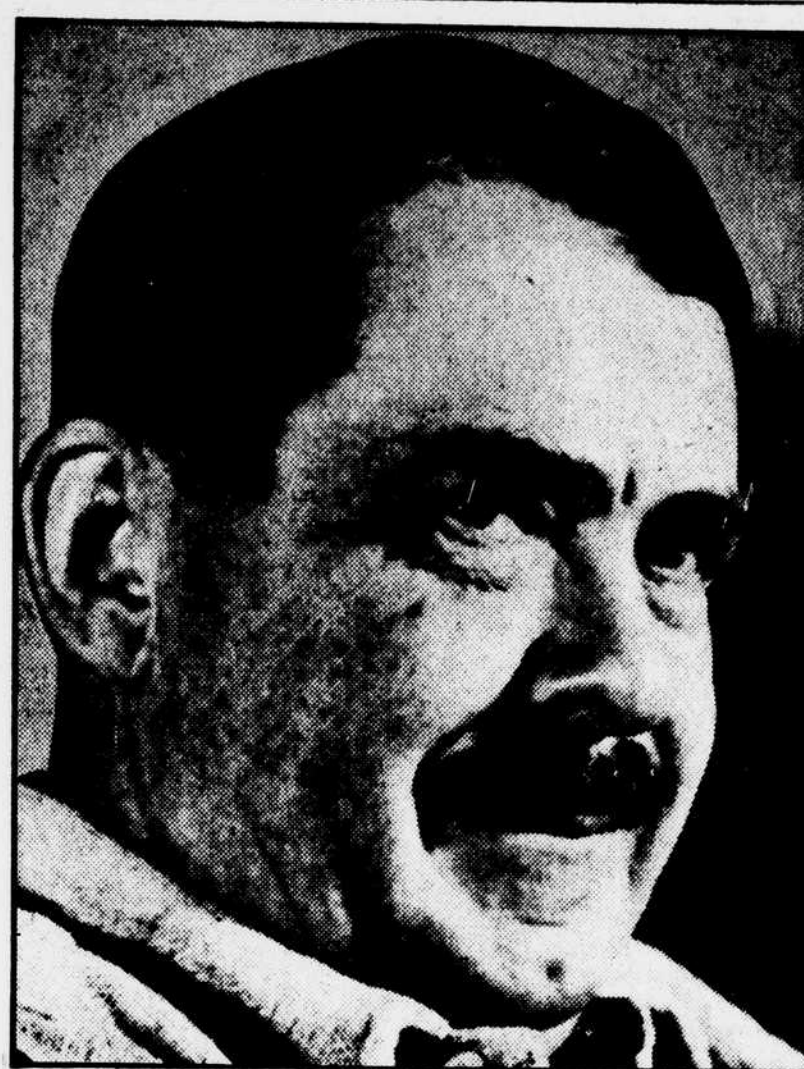
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Anyway, the author is hopeful that man will put the skins on his evolutionary retrograde and find the "right" track, wherever that may lie. The issue is up to man and as an initial searching step "Apes, Men and Monkeys," from this corner, is firm ground with easily traversable terrain. J. S.

HELL ON ICE. By Comdr. Edward Ellsberg. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"HELL ON ICE: THE SAGA OF THE JEANETTE" is the epic story of a heroic adventure, Lt. George Washington De Long's expedition in search of the North Pole by way of Bering Sea. It is a tale of intense drama, of great human sacrifice to surmount great obstacles, and of failure.

Sixty years ago the Jeanette sailed from San Francisco, passed Alaska and entered the Arctic Ocean. Off Wrangel Island the ship was frozen in. Prozen in and drifting helplessly with the ice, the ship remained for two years. Then it was crushed and sank, but not before all escaped. Dragging their boats behind them, the men started south over the broken floes.



WILLIAM SEABROOK. Author of books of travel and adventure and of the frank personal history, "Asylum," he explores the customs of America's foreign-born citizens in his latest book, "These Foreigners." (Harcourt, Brace.)

The book is one more chapter in Miss Keller's heroic life and a tribute to unsurpassed love to the woman who made it possible.

FORGIVE US OUR VIRTUES. By Vardis Fisher. Caxton: The Caxton Printers.

SOMETHING should be done about Prof. Vardis Fisher, his education. He is unquestionably an Earnest Soul, but he is about a decade and a half behind the times in his literary fashion. He remains just where he was when he first began to be heard of as a chap who wrote novels, a "daring" that nobody would print them, which novels, on being printed (for they always were), invariably turned out to be documents proclaiming with electrified surprise that human beings have sex.

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Delta. One boat capsized. De Long and his group reached the delta only to starve to death. The third group was saved by friendly natives.

Through the leader of this third group, George Wallace Melville, Comdr. Edward Ellsberg, using the same technique that he found so effective in "On the Bottom," tells of this almost forgotten voyage. Dug by three years' extensive research from dusty records, the story is an authentic, in fact the only authentic, account of the expedition. Our only disappointment is that Comdr. Ellsberg did not get on and tell something about the aftermaths of which he hints so darkly in the preface.—R. H. S.

MEN ARE NOT STARS. By C. A. Millough. New York: Doubleday Doran.

HERE is a poignant character study of a man who took 25 years to realize that he was not the genius he felt himself to be. Daniel O'Riordan possessed all the attributes of genius, the unbounded belief in his own capabilities and his own destiny, the utter devotion to his own course, the unlimited faith in his own vision, complete singleness of purpose, everything but the talent without which the others are impediments. For many years, indeed until his children reached the age of question, his genius went undoubted in his family. Their growing up was the ultimate cause of a personal tragedy and a great awakening.

The story is told sensitively and with charm. The Bohemia of Chicago is sketched in and made to live without seeming too arty or Greenwich Village. The mode of life of the O'Riordan family is portrayed as a great adventure as seen through the eyes of one of the children. It is only when the child realizes the social and financial gulfs which stretch between his family and that of his schoolmates and some of the more successful artists that awakening begins.

This book is above the average in story interest and clarity of expression and character delineation. R. R. T.

APES, MEN AND MONKEYS. By Earnest A. Hooton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE sharp and learned tongue of the Harvard school of anthropology clacks loudly and tells man as a large group where he will probably get no if he doesn't watch his evolutionary P's and Q's. Prof. Hooton, with all the dispassionate cool of an ancient-bone deducer, lays out the bald cause and effect of man's present state since the time the first little tarsier skipped out of his primeval arbor and started literally to look ahead.

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HELL ON ICE. By Comdr. Edward Ellsberg. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

# PICTURE MAGAZINES OFFEND

The Country Is Being Visited With a Plague of Periodicals, Each in Worse Taste Than the One Before, Following the Spectacular Success of Life.

By M. C. R.

ABOUT this time last year the reviewer, in her well-known disagreeable manner, was noting that the magazine stands were suffering from a horrid rash of "digests," all obviously copied after the Readers' Digest, which was making so delightfully much money. Digests sprang up that season indeed by the dozen and the score. They covered every conceivable subject—and it badly. They were all trivial and some of them were also trashy. The reviewer, Jeremiah-like, lamented, but her sorrow over the spectacle deterred nobody. New digests continued to appear each week. It was evident that a whole school of entrepreneurs had fixed eyes on these heart-easing and deflected profits of the Readers' and would be deterred by nothing while any cash at all remained in the office safe. So great was their thirst, while they lasted, that certain serious periodicals changed their format to agree with the prevailing pocket-size fashion, and remain to this day pee-wee mags as a sort of scar, memorable of that senseless epidemic.

Presently, however, the digests flattened out and slumped down. The fever was over and, happily, the casualties had been fairly severe. More digests than are needed remain, to be sure, but the peak (to talk like a sociologist) is past. The digest now is only one more "type" among the rigidly typical wares of the magazine venter. It is a mummy now, as dead as the rest of them, the brief day of its life, while they lasted, which it had some originality and vitality being quite done. The reviewer sighed with relief when the farce was over and asked herself, "What next?" Alas, could she but have foreseen the new plague which was so soon to descend upon our periodicals, she would have been a trifle gentler with the digests.

For now we have with us the picture magazine, and it is infinitely more offensive, for it is not merely trite and obvious in purpose, but also in bad taste more often than otherwise. As to its purpose, like the digests of yesterday, it is a copy of a pioneer in its field which has earned a fine profit there; Life, it may be said, has inspired this time. As for taste, why, again like the digests, the average has declined rapidly from the moment when open-season was declared. Life, like the Readers' Digest, is pretty good. But each successive imitation of Life is worse than the one before and the level at the moment of writing is such that one faints at the thought of what may follow if many more would-be enter the field, now being run after Life's most enviable profits.

UNFORTUNATELY one cannot see a natural finish to this race as one did for the late scramble among the digests. For, while the digests were simply a matter of survival, they flooded the market until it was obvious that some of them must be crowded out. This salutary process, however, does not seem likely to be repeated among the picture mags, and that for two reasons.

## Brief Reviews of Books

Places and Travel. AUSTRALIA ADVANCES. By David M. Dow. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

A study of Australia, largely from the economic viewpoint. Informative.

THE HERMITAGE. By Stanley F. Horn. Richmond: Garrett & Massie.

Attractively illustrated volume on Andrew Jackson's Tennessee home, its history and the life led within it. Worth having.

GYPSY WATERS. By Don Waters. New York: Sheridan House.

The story of a family which lives on a boat. Cruises of the Inland Passage, the Bahamas and the rivers and waters of Florida. Out of the beaten path of travel books.

R. F. D. By Charles Allen Smart. New York: W. W. Norton Co.

The story of a family which went to live on an Ohio farm. Three years of country life and what these people learned from it.

U. S. 1. MAINE TO FLORIDA. Compiled by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration.

A book designed to tell travelers how to travel over the Federal highway indicated.

## Public Library

IN CONNECTION with the final drive for funds for the support of the National Symphony Orchestra, the Public Library presents this week a short list of books on music and the symphony. The music division at the central building, Eighth and K streets N.W., has many volumes on all phases of musical art and production, biographies of musicians, musical compositions and scores. Practically all of this material may be borrowed for home or group use.

"Evenings With the Victrola" are held as alternate Mondays during the winter concert season. On music—"The Pursuit of Music," by Sir Henry Walford Davies; "A History of Musical Thought," by Donald N. Ferguson; "Science and Music," by Sir James Jeans; "A Little Night Music," by Gerald W. Johnson; "Discoveries of a Music Critic," by Paul Rosenfield; "The Magic World of Music," a music book for the young of all ages, by Olga Samaroff Stokowski; "The Music Manual," by Olga Samaroff Stokowski, and "Of Men and Music," by Deems Taylor.

On the art of listening—"Musical Appreciation," a guide to the understanding and enjoyment of music, edited by John Erskine; "Listeners' Music," by Leland Hall; "Music on the Air," by Hazel Gertrude Kinsella; "Listening to Music," by Douglas Moore, and "What We Hear in Music," by Charles Seeger.

On symphonies—"Symphonic Masterpieces," by Olin Downes; "A Book of the Symphony," by B. H. Haggin; "A Guide to Symphonic Music," by W. Otto Messner; "The Victor Book of the Symphony," by Charles O'Connor; "Great Symphonies" how to recognize and remember them, by Sigmund Spaeth, and "Essays in Musical Analysis," by Donald Francis Torrey.

First, with few exceptions they aim at producing a questionable kind of material, and, black, the public taste for that, seems insatiable, as witness the perennial success of the fiction sheets which use like stuff in stories. It would seem from that success that readers who can stand any of this trash can stand indefinite amounts of it.

Second, they are not bound by any limitations, as were the digests, which only offered up resumes of articles already published, but seemingly may stoop to whatever extremes occur to their staffs in concocting sensational and offensive fillers, and if you doubt that these extremes are wide indeed, just take a look at some of the fare now being offered on the stands. But if you have a family of children at home, do not take the samples which you buy back with you. Park these things finally in a trash can. They ought to be left at home in such a receptacle.

The reviewer has just made a count of the material contained in four of the now popularly sold picture magazines and she finds that she can head up under the following classifications: in every one—violent accidents, shots of people prominent in society with notes on personal life, shots of theatrical people, shots of politicians, pseudo-science pictures, generally with unpleasant physical connotations, extreme or unnatural aspects of sex, nudity, violent or sensational shots of physical and mental tests, puzzles or tests, legs, fashions, sports, gambling, salacious cartoons, night clubs, pseudo-art photography and torture.

Needless to say, the nudity motif runs through the whole classification, as does that of violence and distortion. A nice little array of mental nourishment? Will you feast your mind this week on a gallery of photos of "red" brides, and their nearly senile husbands, or will you just look at models from the medieval torture chamber? Now, is there any earthly need for such messy stuff being sold? And is there any excuse for the thinkers-up of such offensiveness?

IF YOU want to experience a queer feeling, try to put yourself in the shoes of the editor of such a publication. There you sit, with your desk littered with material on these subjects—visual material, too, remember—and you are asked to ask yourself such questions as these: How am I going to get this stuff? You have to ask yourself what you will use next week, too—will you take this piece of violence or will you choose another? A pleasant job? Well, try to imagine yourself doing it, day in and day out, and taking a real interest in the prompt delivery of the stuff. There are, obviously, such people.

You may reply, however, that this brain-beating will not be necessary after all, since the editors of these magazines must find their own material in news events. Unfortunately that is so only to the lightest degree. The great mass of the stuff in the four which the reviewer examined—and they are the leading four among Life's imitators—has little or no bearing on the news. One of them, for example, devotes six full pages to a crime committed in 1927. Is that news? No, the editors have to think such fare well out. And may heaven

be good for them.

UNDERGROUND NEWS. By Oscar E. Millard. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The history of the famous newspaper La Libre Belgique, which was run by a group of Belgian patriots during the German occupation of their country. Heroic story, full of interesting details.

BRITISH WAR MISSIONS TO THE UNITED STATES, 1914-1918. By Col. W. G. Lyddon. C. M. G.

The history of the surprisingly large number of missions which crossed the Atlantic to America during the critical years of the World War.

REVOLT U. S. A. By Lamar Middleton. New York: Stockpole Sons.

The histories of the various rebellions which have taken place in America from Bacon's to the Pullman strike. Interesting.

Psychology. MIND IN TRANSITION. By Joseph K. Hart. New York: Covici Friede.

A study of the struggle between the scientific and social thought processes and the primitive, as the author conceives this struggle to be constantly going on in the mind of modern man. Somewhat heavy for laymen, one fears.

Social Questions. RETREAT FROM REASON. By Lancelotti T. Hogben. New York: Random House.

A none-too-sparing criticism of current social trends, couched in language which will appeal to the student, but which will probably put the plain reader to sleep. Enlightening if you can take it, in other words.

YOUTH IN THE TOILS. By Leonard V. Harrison and Pryor Macmillan. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A study of the delinquency problem in New York. Authoritative.

THIS IS OUR WORLD. By Paul B. Sears. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.

A sort of synthesis of the sciences, including the pseudo-sciences of sociology and economics. How to live on the earth, in other words. Or more remedily, all right if you like grandiose generalities.

Juveniles. FROM LITTLE ACORNS. By Jewell Joy Bader and Maurice M. Korn. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.

A collection of plays for juveniles. Useful to teachers.

STORY PICTURES OF OUR NEIGHBORS. By John O. Beary. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.

The needs of a community, in terms understandable by children. All right if you are out for the educational.

HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY. By Larry Barretto and Bryant Cooper. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Children in the Islands. Pleasant.

CHINESE GARDENS. By Dorothy Graham. New York: Dodd Mead & Co.

Study of the types of gardens belonging to each historic period of China. Attractively illustrated and informative.

IN OUR COUNTRY GARDEN. By Charles O'Connor. New York: Dodge Publishing Co.

Informally written advice on the maintenance of a flower garden. Attractively illustrated.